



VOL. XVII. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 29, 1849. NO. 13.



OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, OUR BROTHERMAN

Spring Campaign.

The time will soon be at hand when the plough will be brought out from its winter quarters, and active operations commence upon the soil preparatory to depositing the seed in the earth for the production of a future crop. Farmers have much to think of and much to do, and although there will be many cold and stormy days, when but little can be done out of doors, he will find enough to do to finish. It will be well to overhaul the tools and implements, and see what their condition is. Those that are broken should be mended—those that are weak should be strengthened, and made suitable for the uses to which they must be put, and if any are missing, perhaps left to some neighbor, (thoughtful in borrowing although in returning,) have them replaced, so that when the hour comes when they are needed, you can put your hand upon them at once, and not be under the necessity of having your team and boys and hired help stand still or go about business of minor importance, while you go and make one or have one made for you. A great deal of time is lost in this way, and every hour thus lost will add to the expense of your farming operations, not only in the absolute loss of so much valuable time, but oftentimes in diminished crops at the end of the season.

It is a good plan to think over in your mind what you intend to do, what crops you wish to cultivate, where you wish to put them, and how to manage and prepare for them. You will thus soon form a plan of operations, systematized, and a map of the whole campaign laid out in your mind's eye, which you can readily follow, and thus save you a deal of hesitation and indecision, and consequent inactivity. After thus maturing your plans you can compare them with your actual means, and enlarge or curtail, according as you find your available power adequate or inadequate to perform what you propose.

The next subject for consideration will be the procuring good seeds from which to propagate your proposed crops. This is a subject of great importance. It should receive early attention, for if you have not already what kinds you need on hand, they should be procured without delay. Those who are last in the market for such articles, are not very likely to obtain them of so good quality as the first comers.

This reminds us that we have often heard some farmers say, during the past winter, that they should not try to cultivate any more wheat, and some that they should plant no potatoes, &c. We are aware that the prevalence of the grain worm and the potato rot have caused great losses in those crops respectively, and it is not strange that farmers should become discouraged. Nothing can be more disheartening than to see an excellent crop of wheat or of potatoes—each growing apparently in perfection, and hastening on rapidly to the great consummation of their existence, viz: to the ripening of a bountiful crop, to reward, by their harvest, the care, anxiety and toil of the cultivator—all at once cut off, and dwindling away, and become hardly fit to gather, and sometimes wholly unfit to be carried from the field where they grew. We know from sad experience how one feels to be met with such a reward for our pains. The last time we sowed wheat, everything grew right and looked as well as heart could wish, but the weevil claimed it, and at harvest time we did not get as much nor so good grain as we sowed. Yet we would not advise those who are well situated for growing grain, &c., to abandon the culture. Try a little every year. Our readers will recollect the success of Dudley Fogg, Esq., of Readfield, with the red headed wheat. Mr. John Bean of Mt. Vernon, succeeded last year a little better than Mr. Fogg—we hope to have a statement of his crop by and by—and a late correspondent who cultivated lands in Clinton, as well as the success of many others, all conspire to keep up our hope that the scourge will eventually pass away, and that Maine again be successful with the wheat crop. Try all kinds—try spring wheat, try winter wheat, and try them on different soils and locations. There is another grain which has been much neglected in Maine of late—and that is rye. Why have our farmers raised so little of this crop lately? It used to be profitable. Has the grain worm put its veto on this, too, or has good old "rye and Indian" become unfashionable? We hope more attention will be paid to it during the ensuing season than heretofore.

We could enumerate many other things connected with spring preparations and the various crops which are or are not cultivated at present among us as they ought to be, but we have probably said enough at present, and if we have set any of you to thinking, you will, of course, think on to the end of the chapter.

Traits and Points of Good Cows.

A subscriber, on reading, in our last, the article on the exportation of cows, desired us to give some of the points of a good cow, and the rules of judging them. It is a difficult matter to give such a description as shall enable a person to be such an expert judge of a first rate cow at once. There may be general points and characteristics given, but, after all, it requires a great deal of observation and experience, as well in feeding and breeding as in milking and general care of such stock in different situations, in order to become a thorough and critical judge. Men who have been through such training always have a model in their minds, with which they compare the animal in question, and have certain well known characteristics of form and physiological appearances impressed upon their minds, not easily described in words, but which they find existing in animals, are pretty sure indications of the properties, powers and capacities of the cow that possesses them. Garton's treatise on cows

is a very good work to cause observation, and many of his theories and ideas are correct; but he has carried his notions and "prognostications" altogether too far when he pretends to say how many pints or quarts this or that cow will give, and how many days she will continue to give it. The condition of the pasture and supplies at the manager have great influence on this part of the business.

Some remarks were published on this subject by S. P. Chapman, of Clarksville, N. Y., last October, in the Genesee Farmer, which appear to us very judicious. He takes an expansive idea, if we may so call it, of what constitutes a good cow. A good milker alone does not, he thinks, make a good cow, neither does a good breeder nor a good feeder alone make one. In his opinion it is these three qualities combined that make the cow. He gives the following characteristics of a good milker. Some of them may be somewhat fanciful—such as his ideas respecting black noses—we have seen some excellent cows that had black noses.

"To possess this first quality, a cow should have a fine head—a little well above the eyes, but quite small below and appear somewhat long. Her nose should be of a rich yellow color, or, at all events, not black—we do not know of any full blooded stock, of any breed, with black noses, but they will frequently appear on stock as high bred as filices—sixteenthly. Her neck should be very small where it joins the head, but widening and deepening as it approaches the shoulders and brisket. Her udder should be of good size, well covered with long, soft hair, and not inclining to fleshiness; large milk veins, and small, delicate horns—they may be long in some breeds, but they should be fine—and she should have a yellow skin."

In addition to his description we would add, that she should have full, barrel-shaped body, broad back and loins, hip bones far apart, and be deep from them down to the flanks. The udder should be large and capacious, extending high behind, and at the top, up towards the tail, should be broad and loose, and the skin, when not extended with the milk, should lay in folds. The teats should be of good size, and a good way apart. The office or passage of the milk veins from the "flim" of the belly, very large.

We like Mr. Chapman's idea of "handling," as it is called. This criterion has been used mostly to ascertain the feeding or fattening propensities or propensities of cattle, but it is nevertheless an indication of a healthy condition, and of course an indication that the cow that possesses it will secrete rich milk. A cow, says Mr. C., that is a good "handler," will almost invariably produce rich milk. This handling, he observes, has been too much overlooked by breeders at our cattle shows.

"We term a cow a good handler that possesses a loose mellow skin, rather thin; well covered with soft hair—so that the hand, when laid flat upon the ribs and brought together, should be easily and pleasantly filled. The skin should be loose and mellow upon the back and hips."

In regard to the breeding of good milk cows, we have no doubt, as we have very often remarked, that the business could be reduced to a system which would result in the desired object as surely and as regularly as we could look for desired results in any other system. The parents on both sides should be of good milking lineage, and the calves should not be kept too fat but in good growing condition.

A Large Tree.

Mr. EDITOR.—In company with H. C. Hall, of Jonesborough, I visited, a few days ago, an old tree, standing near the head of Chandler's River in the town of Centerville, which, as far as we could calculate by the implements with which we were provided, of the following dimensions: Circumference at the surface of the earth, twenty-four feet; circumference six feet from the ground, eighteen feet; length of trunk from the ground to the first branch, sixty feet. From the earth upward some three or four feet, it is very rough and unshapely, but above this, it is in every respect smooth, well-proportioned and straight, and appears to be a healthy and growing tree.

The trunk terminates in three large branches, one of which is at least two feet in diameter. In its dimensions it is the most remarkable tree of the kind that I have seen in the forests of Maine.

Jonesborough, March 15, 1849. [Kennebec Journal.]

NOTE. The "big elm" near Mercer village is larger than this in circumference, though the trunk does not make up but about twenty feet before the first branch puts out. It measured, a few years since, at the surface of the ground, a few inches over thirty feet in circumference. It has a magnificent top. [Ed. Farmer.]

fully ripe, say two weeks earlier than by the old plan. The flax will be of better quality, and the seed loss only from five to eight per cent. in value. I noticed the farmers were much better paid in this way. The flax can be easily pulled, by a machine which will not exceed in cost thirty dollars. An average day's work, with two men and two horses, is three acres. The average yield of stalk is three thousand pounds, and seed from eight to twelve bushels per acre. I have known thirty-nine hundred pounds produced from an acre, and fifteen bushels of seed. A crop managed in this way will pay well. The farmers are of opinion that no crop will pay better than this at the prices named in a former number of your paper. The threshing is performed by placing the stalk end of the flax between two smooth rollers, which may be driven by horse power. These rollers are placed on the ends of two shafts. The power applied to the centre of the shafts, and the upper roller acts upon the lower one. This is a very simple and fast operation. With this machine, flax can be threshed as fast as any kind of grain.

3. Does flax exhaust the soil more than other crops? I should say not—as the farmers raise flax in large quantities in those sections where it is raised at all. No good farmer will raise flax on the same piece of land, more than one year, without changing to some other crop. True, no estimate has been made to show the exact difference between this crop and others of a kindred nature. Enough, however, is known to convince them that there is no perceptible difference.

4. Can flax be raised to profit in your State? I answer, yes, if your land can grow good crops of anything eatable. I should judge, by the location of your State, the attention which has been paid to agricultural pursuits, and the mechanical skill which exists in a large degree among your native born sons, that you might be greatly enriched by this crop. It may be well for one year to return to the "flax patch," and experiment a little till you obtain strength to have "flax fields"—then your old spinning wheels may be brought forth from their resting places, and the "flax shirt" for Sunday return again as the fashion. This will recall to mind former events, when our fathers had to follow those things which were for our good, even "hard work."

If your farmers would commence this year, they would find it greatly for their profit.

As ever, yours truly, A TRAVELER.

Pruning and Engrafting.

Mr. EDITOR.—The subject of pruning and engrafting fruit trees is one of considerable importance to the fruit growers of this State, and one in which there are many errors learned and practiced to the great injury of the orchards. It is often asked, "When is the best time to prune trees?" In answer to this query I would say that it is of less consequence when they are pruned, than how it is done. Many orchards and trees are not pruned at all until they have grown so shrubby and thick with branches extending in every direction, that the tree, instead of bearing fruit, is incapable of supporting the thorny, grotesque top to which it has attained through the total neglect of the owner, who, after leaving them in this sad and wretched situation for years, without receiving any income, and perhaps is too penurious to employ some person to prune or engraff them, will commence the operation himself; first with a hand-saw, (perhaps dull and rusty as they often are,) until his patience becomes exhausted by the slow and arduous progress he makes in this new undertaking, which should have been done years before. Had it been done in a proper manner, at a time when the branches began to take a wrong direction, a jack-knife would have been sufficient. He resorts perhaps to the use of a tool which he understands at this time, that is, the narrow axe, with which—instead of cutting the small cross branches as should be in a careful manner, and getting into the tree and pruning the top-most parts of it—the lower limbs, the best for bearing, are unmercifully cut off, perhaps split down, tearing the bark for some distance, so that, in fact, instead of pruning he has mangled them. It would be about as well to cut them down as to prune in such a manner.

I recollect some years since of being engraffing in the town of W—, in this county, for a man who had quite an orchard, or it might have been pruned it judiciously. One morning he invited me to go with him into an orchard he had pruned in a very nice manner—that is, he had cut with an axe the lower limbs as high as he could reach, consequently the remaining branches grew very upright, and receiving a surplus of sap, they looked sleek and smooth—so the man really boasted of his manner of pruning, when he had actually taken the first and best branches for fruit from the tree. I think my reply was that if his object in raising trees was for the wood, he had pruned them right; but if he wished for fruit, the lower limbs should not be taken off.

My opinion is that the proper way to prune is to begin when the tree is first set, and cut off with a sharp knife or back-saw the small branches that extend across in a wrong direction; and so continue for some years whenever the limbs take an unfavorable course, being very careful to thin out the top most, leaving it open, and shaped as much as possible like an umbrella inverted. A tree pruned in this manner will grow in good shape and form, and generally will be healthy and vigorous and fruitful; while one left as it stands above and pruned or mangled as some trees are, by being neglected when young and being pruned by an inexperienced hand, will become diseased, bad in form, and unfruitful.

And, sir, it is something similar with grafting. Unless it is done by an experienced workman, and in a proper manner, it better not be done at all. How often we see communications something like this: "every boy ought to learn to graft, or any person with a sharp knife can learn to graft in five minutes," and the like. Well, when we travel through the different parts of the State, and see by the road-side rows of trees and orchards grafted in the way they are, we might well suppose that some boy or person did it with five minutes' experience, or, to use a mechanical phrase, "it looks as though they did it themselves." We sometimes see a few stocks cut off

perhaps in the middle of a large top, acorns inserted, and the remainder left on, which gives the grafts a small chance to grow. Such grafting, in my opinion, is about as reasonable as it would be for a farmer, if he wished to raise a crop of corn or potatoes, instead of breaking up his ground, would take his hoe and seeds, dig a small hole in the grass ground, put them in, and cover them with the dirt dug out—why they would live and grow—no wonder the grafts—but what would they be good for? Why, nothing. We might suppose a man could learn that in "five minutes." In my opinion we might as well say that any boy could learn to build a splendid dwelling house, or construct a steam engine, or manage the affairs of a farm systematically, or learn to do all this in "five minutes," as to learn to engraff fruit trees, and prune and form the tops, in a proper and systematic manner, in a short time.

If we graft a tree partly we should graft the whole—change the top entirely to suit the bottom in the form of the tree shall not be injured. After it is done, it should be pruned in a manner to give the grafts a right direction—the sprouts that are thrown out of the old stock should be kept off, so that the kind of fruit be entirely changed. It needs as much experience and judgment to prune or engraff a tree as it should be, as it does to learn a mechanical trade or become a practical farmer.

D. A. FAIRBANKS.

Augusta, March 31, 1849.

American Fruits in England.

Mr. P. Barry, the Horticultural editor of the Genesee Farmer, who is now abroad, writes an interesting letter, from which we extract the following, as of interest to fruit growers:

Large quantities of American apples have been brought into Liverpool recently, but the most of them have been of indifferent quality, and badly gathered and picked, and hence they do not command high prices, nor do you any credit—nor can the shippers gain by the operation. There is an unfailing market here for our orchard products, but to make the shipment of them profitable, it is absolutely necessary that select varieties be sent, that they be carefully hand-picked, and packed in the best manner. One barrel will then sell for as much as three or four; and the freight, which is the great item, will be no more on a barrel that will sell more readily for \$5, than one that will bring only \$2. Many of the apples I see here are called up as "nice American apples." "Beautiful American apples," &c., and are scarcely sold at all in our market, yet they are sold here at 3 to 6 cents each.

The English people have fairly given up growing apples for market, unless it be Codlins, &c., that come in early for cooking, and Benjamins, &c. for drying. They see it will be impossible for them to compete with American orchardists. Yesterday I examined two or three hundred varieties in the fruit rooms of the London Horticultural Society, and among them all there was not a single large, clear-colored, fine-looking specimen. One would suppose, at first sight, that they were all wind-fall gathered under the trees, last August. The Roxbury Russet, Fall Pippin, and Rhode Island Greening, were among the best specimens, and they were not half the size we grow them. The most esteemed varieties pointed out to me by Mr. Thompson, such as Pearson's Plate, Warrington Pippin, Pomme Royal, (not our Pomme Royal) Golden Harvey, Sturmer Pippin &c., are small inferior looking things—in size from that of a Pomme Gris to that of a Siberian Crab, but they are generally larger and richer than ours. The Newtown Pippin and Roxbury Russet come nearest the English taste than any other varieties we cultivate. I had some Northern Spy and Melon with me, that I have here now, in London, in fine condition. They have elicited the admiration of all who have seen them. There are indeed no such apples today in England. The Northern Spy may be sent to Covent Garden market, just as well as to Fulton or Washington markets, New York. The pears in the markets here now, are from France or the Island of Jersey. They come in half-bushel baskets, containing 50 to 100, according to the size of the fruit. They are packed in very dry, soft seaweed hay—a layer of this hay two or three inches deep is laid on the bottom, then a layer of fruit, then another of hay, and so on to the top—the fruit are not allowed to touch, and in this way they go another distance to reach safety. I saw at Liverpool little baskets of *Glout Morceau Channetel*, 50 in each, sold for \$3 to \$4 each, to the confectioners and market women to retail.

In Covent Garden Market, which is headquarters for all rare and fine garden commodities, I see fine St. Germain's, (the old one.) Marie Louise, Paine Colmar, Winter Nels, Beurre Rance, Easter Beurre, &c., sold at 12s to 18s 3d each. If we ever succeed in raising pears beyond what may be required for home consumption, they will find a market and good prices here. Not one person in a thousand—I might say five thousand—ever tastes a fine pear.

WOMEN IN CALIFORNIA.

If the thirst for gold seeking has been, unfortunately, strong enough on our side of the continent, to cause the disruption of domestic ties, either positive or contemplated, it would seem that in the gold region itself the feeling is reversed, in some degree, for a lady writes from San Francisco to her friend in Mass. after the following fashion:—

The demand for marriageable women seems to be as great as for goods. This is the only country in the world where women are properly appreciated. The proportion of males in the territory is five to one of females, and the labor of females is as much needed in cooking, &c. at the gold region, as the males. There have been many marriages the last few months than in ten years previous, in this country. The squaws, before they will go to the gold region, make efforts to get white husbands, which they soon obtain in the present state of affairs.

Wheat Raising in Canada.

SIR.—Should the following remarks, the result of three years' experience, be considered by you as worthy of a place in your journal, I will be obliged by your inserting them, hoping that some one may be benefited by them.

In the spring of 1845, being my first year in Canada, I went on a rented farm, in the township of Whitechurch, on which there were three acres of fall wheat, which, when harvest came, I found to be very much injured by the rust. The wheat grew on dry ground, and had been early sown, and otherwise well labored. It was the first time broken up, and had received a dressing of farm-yard manure.

Not having seen anything of this disease in the part of Ireland where I came from, I was led, from the loss which I had sustained, to inquire into the matter (and here I may remark, that as time was very plentiful with us, we were in the practice of using it very largely, every five or seven years; and the conclusion to which I came was, that the ground on which this wheat grew contained an excess of vegetable matter; the excess of vegetable matter in the soil, caused a softness in the external coat of the straw, which under certain peculiar circumstances of the atmosphere, allowed the sap of the plant to exude through the pores of the stem—the nourishment which was to have gone to form the kernel of the wheat was drained from the ear, and the sap escaping, allowed the seeds of a tribe of fungus, which are floating about in the atmosphere, to take root upon the plant, and which fungus is neither more nor less than rust.

To endeavor to prevent this disease in my wheat crop the ensuing season, and to do so with as little outlay of money as possible, I took occasion every time I went to Toronto with the wagon, to bring back a load of lime from the works; this I got at about half the price I would have paid for it at the time I kept it dry until I was going to use it, and applied about forty bushels to the acre on the fallow, harrowing it in with the seed.

Wherever I applied the lime, there was no rust in harvest, but where it was omitted there was very considerable of it. The lime cost 6d per bushel, thus the expense was only £1 per acre, the benefit derived was, that where the wheat was used, I had thirty bushels of good sound wheat per acre, and where it was not used, I had only eighteen of poor shrunk grain. The account stood:—

To 30 bushels of wheat, at 4s	£8 0 0
To 40 bushels of lime, at 6d	1 0 0
	£9 0 0
By 18 bushels of lime, at 2s. 3d.	£3 6 0
Balance in favor of lime used	219 6
	£3 0 0

This I repeated the following season, and with a similar result, and I am satisfied that any person adopting the like course will find a similar result.

There is nothing from which the Canadian farmers suffer so much as from rust in their wheat crops, and if by the simple and cheap application of a few loads of lime to every acre of fallow, and at the same time taking care that a free passage be given to carry off the surface water, they can in a great measure remedy this evil. I am certain there is no one will regret having tried it, and when they have once tried it, will continue to do so on every possible occasion.

CURTIS McFARLAND.

Toronto, Feb. 5, 1849.

[Canadian Agriculturist.]

Horse Hoe.

MESSES. EDITORS: I will now attempt to describe a kind of horse hoe with which I filled my corn last summer. I took a plate of steel about three inches wide and twenty long for the "lay," had it sharpened and the point filed. Took a bar of iron about like light wagon tire for the land side, had the fore part twisted half way over and a hole made in it through which a screw is run up and down the lay. Near the back part of the lay a rod is riveted on to it running nearly horizontal from the lay to the standard on which the hoe rests. This rod has a nut on each side of the standard so that I can turn the lay out or draw it in at pleasure. Or I can make it run wide or narrow as I choose. The lay must be kept sharp by filing or grinding, and be well polished so that it will not clog.

When it is in order it just shaves the weeds off, letting them fall back where they stood before, but dismembered from the root. This I find to be the fastest implement I ever used; for corn when small it effectively kills weeds; stirs the ground near the corn; draws very easy for the horse, and I can work closer to the corn with this implement than with any other implement to which I ever saw a horse attached. I always run the land side nearest the corn.

T. P. PARKER.

[Prairie Farmer.]

Brown Bread.

A friend of ours in reply to some commendations of brown bread, remarked of late "Bread of good superfine flour is good enough for me." This he thought somewhat witty. The probability is that he knew very little about good brown bread. No small number of persons might be found who would turn the tables and reply, "Good brown bread is good enough for me." At all events, try the following recipe and decide for or against it as we have:—

Bread of unbleached Wheat. Three parts of warm water. One tea-cup of Indian meal, and one of wheat flour. Three great spoonfuls of molasses, or a tea-cup of brown sugar. One teaspoonful of salt, and one teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in a little hot water. One tea-cup of yeast. Mix the above, and stir in enough unbleached wheat flour to make it as stiff as you can work it with a spoon. Some put in enough to mould it into loaves. If made with home brewed yeast, put it to rise over night. If with distillery yeast, make it in the morning, and bake when light. In leaves the ordinary size, bake one hour and a half. [Prairie Farmer.]

Importance of Root Culture.

Mr. EDITOR.—As I understand your new publication (the Wool Grower), is intended for the benefit of the farming community, I propose to give you my experience in the use of roots for cattle and hogs.

I grow beets, carrots, rutabagas, and parsnips, and find there is no difference in the expense of cultivation of either. I find that the sugar beet produces the most milk, and the carrot and rutabaga are best for fattening.

But the rutabaga is far the best for that purpose, and I am surprised that so valuable a root is not more generally grown in this country. I have fed a few cows on rutabagas and ordinary hay, for two months this winter, and she made good beef, although I milked her a great part of the time; and I have fed a breeding sow on them, and then only, for the last two months, and my neighbors say that she is too fat for breeding. But I consider that the parsnip is a most valuable root for cattle; and hogs prefer them to any other root, and we hear the carrot extolled, but no one grows the parsnip, and yet they are easier to raise, and certainly more valuable. But I am aware that they are a hard root to get up (a general complaint against them.) But you can leave them in the ground all the winter, and dig them in the spring, and save housing them, which is no small consideration; and they come in well between hay and grass—the very time that they are wanted.

If any one thinks proper to try them, I know he will not regret it. So early, in rows eighteen inches apart, and thin them to eight inches in the rows. Any good wheat soil will suit them.

W. W.

Darien, Genesee Co., N. Y., Feb. 18, 1849.

[Wool Grower.]

Grape Houses.

Much has been written upon forming cheap grape houses for the culture of foreign grapes. For the farmer, as a general thing, I would rather advise the culture only of our hardy varieties, as Isabella and Catawba; but there are many amateur fruit growers of small means, and farmers "well to do" in the world, whose attention to the subject I wish again to direct.

Most of you probably have the south or east side of a building unoccupied. This might be well appropriated to the growth of foreign grapes, and at very small expense. First, prepare your border six feet wide and three feet deep, commencing at a distance of four feet from the wall of the house. Six feet from the wall of your house place a sill upon the ground six by eight inches square; mortise in four-by-four scantling, six feet high board up with inch boards each side of the scantling.

The ends of your enclosure to be made in the same way, and then the space between filled with sawdust, charcoal pulverized, or tan bark. Now place your plate and cover at about a quarter pitch, either with sash and glass, or with strong cloth coated with boiled oil. Your vine planted upon the inside close to the sill, will obviate any cutting to draw the stem inside as is necessary when planted outside, while in fact the main border being outside, it will soon send all or nearly all its roots there.

Where a person has less room, or perhaps a width of only two feet, let him form a deep and rich border, for his vines and at a height of eight or ten feet, a small projecting roof from the wall one foot from this depend cloth prepared in oil and so arranged that it can easily be rolled up or drawn down at pleasure, train the vine upon a trellis six inches from the wall. Even this slight protection will enable many varieties of grapes to be grown and ripened, that would be destroyed in the open air. [Prairie Farmer.]

Fire Blight.

Without going into detail, comment or discussion upon this subject, permit me to remark that the past two seasons have brought numerous cases to my knowledge where disease and death have been caused simply from exhaustion of the vital powers of life. Of course only in bearing trees. My attention has been called to the examination of both the cherry and pear trees—standing, both, in what is termed good and poor soils—which have fruited large and perfect crops and then died. My own judgment is that having for two successive seasons perfected large crops of fruit as compared with size, etc., of tree, so much of the regular supply afforded by the roots was exhausted by the fruit, as to enfeeble the other powers of the tree, and so soon as that reception was taken away the quantity supplied by the roots became too much for the enfeebled action of the tree and therefore died.

That this is the cause of the majority of "blight," I do not assert, but only note it as a variety, and one which fruit cultivators can easily remedy by plucking the superabundance of fruit before it is half grown; or if left to ripen, by immediately taking the tree in hand, and with sharp saw and knife, shorten in both roots and tops; by this means, giving the tree a short time to rest and when the roots again hold, new buds etc. will form, and the tree become vigorous and healthy. [Prairie Farmer.]

DISPOSITION OF PEAR CUTTINGS TO ROOT.

Last spring I received from a friend about 200 pear stocks in bud. As soon as the buds began to swell, I cut off the tops, with the label upon them, and stuck them in the ground, beside the stock from which they were taken, in order to mark the varieties until I had made a record of the same—however, they were permitted to remain during the whole season as put in, and this last fall I took them up, each one having rooted freely, and grown from three to six inches. They are equally as good stocks now, as some I purchased at \$30 per 1,000. Why would not this be as good a plan as any other to propagate pear stocks? Soil a loamy mould. A. F.

Leicester, O., Feb. 1, 1849. [Horticulturist.]

SAVE YOUR EGG SHELLS. Eggs that are to be used for puddings, custards, &c., should be nicely cleaned, before they are broken, with a clean cloth dipped in strong vinegar. Then, if after being emptied of all but the white that always remains sticking to the inside, the shells are spread out and dried, they serve as well for cleaning coffee, as isinglass, or any other substance generally used for that purpose, with the additional advantage, that it costs nothing but a little forethought. [Exchange.]

The Turkey.

It is frequently asserted by those who are inexperienced in the business of rearing domestic fowls, that they are too expensive. In reference to the turkey it is a common saying that its "head costs twice as much as its body is worth when fattened." This, however, is an error, and especially will it be found so when anything like system, or a proper course of management is adopted in rearing them. The young fowls require a good deal of care, it is true; but this will not stretch much upon a farmer's time, as it is generally the delight of the females to attend to the young brood. As to the injury they produce among crops—a standard and stereotyped argument against them with some—it may be observed that the objection predicated upon this basis is wholly invalid, for the same argument might, with equal propriety, be advanced against the hog, the sheep, or the cow—all of which, when allowed the "largest liberty," are of predatory habits, and disposed to intrude into scenes and places where they are not, or should not be, allowed. In an old issue of the N. J. Journal, there is a valuable article on this subject, and from which, for the benefit of such of your readers as are about engaging in the business of turkey raising, I make the following extracts:—

"Before giving our rules," says the writer, "for the management of turkeys, let us draw a comparison. There are but few farmers who cannot raise one hundred turkeys; these one hundred turkeys will weigh, when fattened, in December, upon an average, seven and a half pounds each, full dressed. We say full dressed, for it is the practice in some places to divest the turkey of nothing but the head and feathers, and then take it to market. A practice as uncivilized as it is disgusting. These hundred turkeys will then weigh seven hundred and fifty pounds, which, in market, are equal to one thousand five hundred pounds of pork. But if the male turkeys are kept till February or March, they will not only increase in weight twice the amount of their feed, but the price in market will be much higher."

The following are the "rules" for fattening, laid down by the writer:—

"Turkeys intended for breeders, must be kept well during winter. If put in good condition, however, during December, it takes but little feed to keep them so. Their nests for laying must be made with hay or cut straw, under cover, and be well protected from the weather, and from vermin. When incubation commences, the turkey must not be disturbed, and if she does not come from her nest for food and water, she must have both placed by her on her nest. When the young turkeys are hatched, they may be allowed to remain one day in the nest; or, if removed, let them be sheltered in a warm place, and plenty of straw for them to set upon be provided, for they are now extremely liable to take cold. The second day feed them with crumbs or warm clabber milk, mixed with a little Indian or barley meal. They must be kept up and fed in this way for two or three days longer, if the weather should be cold and rainy; but as soon as a warm and pleasant day comes, let them out at nine or ten o'clock, and shut them up at four; and this practice of letting them out and shutting them up, must be followed for five or six weeks, and, on no account, let them get wet. When a young turkey begins to drop, there is but little hope for it. There is no danger of keeping them too warm. When they are five or six weeks old put a little grease on their heads to preserve them from vermin."

In an article published in the American Agriculturist, from the pen of Mr. Charles Starr, Jr., that gentleman remarks as follows:—

"Heretofore I have had so much difficulty in raising turkeys, as to be almost discouraged, but of late, have been very successful in consequence of pursuing the following mode recommended to me by a lady, who said that she had no trouble with them."

"When first hatched, give no food for twenty-four hours; then give a little curd made from buttermilk, increasing the quantity as they grow older. They should then be protected from the wet, and by no means have Indian meal. But with the curd, they may have, in moderate quantities, wheat bread soaked in buttermilk."

"I believe that the Indian meal is fatal to the greater part of young turkeys that die in the attempt to raise them."

[Germanstown Telegraph.]

Burns and Scalds.

Among the thousand and one infallible prescriptions for burns and scalds that are published, I have seen nothing which I think equal to the following: Mix lime and hard-work it thoroughly together—do not put in lime enough to prevent the salt from coming out, but mix it so readily spread upon a thin linen cloth, which should be doubled before being applied, so that the side opposite the application is applied to the wound. This remedy works miracles almost, on burns or scalds. I once saw it applied to the hand and arm of a child, that in a fall plunged its arm, up to the elbow, into a kettle of boiling maple sugar, and with most perfect success. H. HAT.

[Prairie Farmer.]

How to Use LAMPSHORE WATER.





R. EATON, Proprietor. E. HOLMES, Editor.  
THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 29, 1849.

### Electro-Magnetism for Moving Machinery.

Since the discovery of the magnetic power which galvanic electricity possesses, and more especially since Prof. Henry constructed his electro-magnet, by which more than a thousand pounds were suspended by aid of a small battery, various attempts have been made to apply this power to the movement of machinery, instead of steam, or water. These attempts have partially succeeded, but never, as yet, so perfectly as to supersede the ponderous machinery required by steam. It has, therefore, not come into use as a motive power. Much time and money have been expended in experimenting upon the subject. That there is immense power in the electro-magnetic fluid, no one can doubt who is at all acquainted with the character of it; but how to manage and control it, how to lay it on and lay it off, as will, as you can steam, so as to get up a continued or even alternate action sufficient to drive machinery, that requires great force for any length of time, has not yet been ascertained. It will be at this very distant day, and even at the present time, Prof. Page, who is connected with the patent office, believes he has attained it. He petitioned Congress for aid to carry out a suite of experiments that should enable him to demonstrate the facts, and to prove that he can so develop this peculiar agency in sufficient amount and control it with sufficient ease and accuracy, to drive the most powerful machinery required for mills or the heaviest boats. The committee, to whom his petition was referred, after hearing him, and examining into the principles on which he proposes to arrange his apparatus, made a favorable report, and recommended to appropriate twenty thousand dollars to be expended in constructing machinery, and to pay the expenses of the experiments needed to give the whole principle a fair trial. Whether this amount of money was appropriated finally by Congress, we do not know. We hope it was. We hope so, because we are satisfied, as we before stated, that such a power actually exists, and that an acquaintance with the laws of nature in regard to it will enable us to use it successfully. That when these laws are known, it will be used instead of steam, which requires immensely heavy machinery, and is also a very dangerous agent.

Some object to this appropriation on the ground that experiments sufficient have been tried, by Davenport and others, to test the powers of this electric fluid, and if it really could be of benefit it would have come into use before this. This is fallacious reasoning. How many centuries passed away after the expansive power of steam was known, before it could be controlled, and its giant powers used as they now are? And even now, much as is known of the steam engine, scarcely a year passes away without new discoveries being made of its properties, and new improvements being made in the apparatus by which it is made to act.

We are the more confident that the electro-magnetic fluid will become hereafter a cheap and powerful agent—cheaper and equally as strong as steam—because we have in times past spent much time and more funds than we could well spare in experimenting on the same subject, and thereby became convinced of the existence of and sufficiency of this power; and that the time would come when a further development of its characteristic properties and laws of its action would put another mighty agent into the hand of man—a power tremendous in its strength and easy of control, and thereby be made subservient to his wants and administer to his necessities or his luxuries as occasion may require.

### Lives of Distinguished Shoemakers.

A very neat duodecimo of between three and four hundred pages has been put into our hands, bearing the above title. It is from the press of Thurston & Co., Portland, and written by two of our neighbors, Messrs. Francis Southworth and S. W. Davis, of Winthrop. They are both young men—both mechanics—one of them a disciple of Crispin—a veritable, practical, hard-working shoemaker, and the other a machinist. When our young mechanics can find time, in the intervals of their toil, to write so interesting a book as this, we need not bemoan the low condition of our working men, or "despair of the republic."

We have been much amused and instructed by a perusal of the work, for, although we are aware that society can hardly take a step without the aid of the shoemaker, we did not know before that so many eminent men had originated among that useful class of operatives, and that the present social, religious and political condition of society was so deeply indebted to men who first wrought at that business.

The work contains the biography of seventeen worthies, all of whom have made themselves eminent in some way or other, and all, except one, (Simon Antoine,) were distinguished for their moral worth and high social virtues. The work, with few trifling exceptions, is admirably written, and evinces much talent in the authors. It should be read by every young man in the Union, for they will there see how successful perseverance and indefatigable industry and strong resolution becomes, through thwarted and opposed by what many would call insurmountable obstacles. If any young man is struggling after knowledge, or endeavoring to prepare himself for any high and useful work, amid every discouragement of poverty, or persecution, let him read this work and he will never despair. It will serve to stimulate him with new zeal, nerve his heart with hopes that will never die, and push him on to a consummation of his earnest desires.

Before closing this article we will take the liberty to state, that we have seen an article in the Boston Bee, and another, we think, in the Boston Museum, accusing our young friends of something like plagiarism in using the idea if not the matter of our young man, Mr. John Prince, of Boston, a printer, who has published "A wreath for St. Crispin," a work also devoted to the biography of eminent men who were or had been shoemakers. Now this is not true. We know that our young friends had written their work and put it to press before they ever heard of Mr. Prince or his book, and but for a delay in the course of the printing, which they had nothing to do, their work would have been issued some time before the "Wreath."

We wish all parties seeking in their respective labors, but not in jealousy, nor envyings, nor "roots of bitterness," springing up among you. The world will appreciate your labors more justly, and be much more likely to award the tribute

your merits deserve, when they find your talents accompanied with magnanimity and generous feelings. Instead of calling hard names, would it not be well for our young authors to "strive to see who can best work and best agree?"

T. Wiley, Jr., No. 90, State-st., Boston, has the work for sale, and it probably is, or ought to be, found at the bookstores in town.

### Lake Fishing—Big Trout—A "Sarpint."

The Piscataqua Observer, in an article relative to trout fishing at Moosehead Lake, says: "Col. Weston, who has spent considerable time on the lake the past winter, and who is an adept at the business, informs us that upwards of twelve tons of salmon trout have been taken, which have, in all probability, brought to the fishers the pretty little sum of two thousand dollars or more. Some have been taken weighing more than thirty pounds a piece. Col. Dunning, of Charleston, went by our office with a load of fifteen hundred lbs., which we understand he sold for nine cents per pound." Such intelligence as this makes our mouth water, it does.

The trout taken from the lake are a rich fish—yellow as California gold dust. Years ago we occasionally put tooth to one. Latterly they have been extremely scarce in the Kennebec markets. We once had the "grand satisfaction" of making a dinner from the fish that weighed twenty-eight pounds. That was something of a trout, though not quite so large as the one almost caught by a seven-footer at the lake, a year ago or more, and particularly spoken of at the time by a correspondent of the Boston Journal. He hooked him several times, but the lines were not strong enough to raise him. Finally he procured a large rope and a leviathan-like hook. Soon he fastened to him, and after tugging until his hands were blistered, he succeeded in bringing him to the surface. The hole in the ice was just large enough to let the trout come up, and when the tall fisherman had raised him as high as he could, he dropped line and grappled with him! The struggle was long and severe, and it was difficult to tell who would come off victorious. The man grew weary with struggling for the mastery, not having raised the fish an inch for the last five minutes. Looking down, to take a survey of his antagonist, he saw, to his surprise, that he had only raised him as far as the back fin, and that had come in contact with the ice, and of course, stopped all further progress upwards, and gave the victory to the King Trout of Moosehead Lake!

We were relating the trout story to Uncle Tim. "He gad!" exclaimed the old man, "his eyes flashing and his whiskered locks bristling up like a porcupine's quills,—'he gad! old Moosehead's a master place for trout and sarpints! Forty years ago, my boy," said he, energetically, clapping his palsied hand upon our cheek, "when I was in the prime of life, I saw a master sarpint at old Moosehead! He gad! the very thought of him now makes my old timbers quake! It was a cold night, late in the fall, when we arrived at the margin of the lake. We kindled a blazing fire beside what we thought to be an old log—a master big stick of timber. In about half an hour the log trembled a little—he gad! how the boys jumped from it and gazed wildly at its quivering sides! Bimby the fire warmed it up 'mazingly—it quivered again—it shook the fire from its side—it swelled up in the middle—it opened its mouth, and he gad! my boy, it speeded out a bark canoe and two Ingins! and the way the red devils skid across the lake, and the sarpint close to the stern of the boat—HE AD!!!"

The old man wiped the perspiration from his brow, took a fresh quid of tobacco, and tottered backward. That was a "sarpint as is a sarpint."

### "A horse! a horse! my colt 'for a horse!"

While in the town of Mercer last month, we noticed a beautiful young horse, possessing many of the "marks of excellence," and perfectly sound in wind and limb. His owner, Mr. Carr, who is an ingenious blacksmith of the place, had sold him in a very suitable and workmanlike manner. He was a spirited animal and a good traveler, and yet he was apparently as well broken and as kind in harness as any other horse. He was perfectly tame, and would allow his feet to be taken up and handled. He would mind the word and the rein, and would perform all the various movements to which horses are accustomed in the way of their duty. The sleigh to which he was attached, together with the harness, weighed less than fifty pounds. He had been kindly and carefully used, so that his spirits might not be broken or his strength impaired. The most remarkable fact, as many would regard it, is, that he was at that time only ten months old!

### Wheat Raising.

The wheat crop is considered by many farmers a very uncertain one, and in some sections of the State but few even attempt to raise it. In the hope that better days are coming, we do not wish to see it wholly abandoned at present.

We occasionally hear of some pretty fair crops of wheat in Maine, notwithstanding the liability to rust, and the deprivations of the grain worm or weevil. We hope the time will come when our farmers may raise their own bread—when these scourges which have so often blighted the expectations of the farmer will pass away or may be avoided.

Mr. John Stowers, of New Sharon, raised last year from eleven acres, 159 bushels of wheat, 47 bushels from three acres of ploughed ground, and the remainder from eight acres of rusted land. The wheat on the ploughed ground burst badly on the burnt land it was good. It was so wet in the spring, that he was not able to finish the sowing of the burnt land wheat until the 17th of June. Mr. St. also raised last season 75 bushels of herds grass seed from 10 acres.

Mr. Aaron E. Bragdon, of the same neighborhood, raised last season, if we mistake not, 40 bushels of very superior wheat, from 24 acres of land. The land had been pastured for ten or fifteen years, and but very little manure had been applied to it. The previous crop was corn.

THE ENIGMA is the title of a spirited temperance organ, just brought into existence at Bangor, by Hall, Walker & Close. If it is a constant walker amid the wrecks of intemperance it will make a great hall, and we trust close up many of the avenues that lead to the abyss of dissipation and its consequent misery. Success to the Enigma.

ROUTING FOR THE ROOF OF ALL EVIL. A Yankee, if the Boston Post speaks the truth, carried a couple of hogs to California, and set them to rooting in the gold diggings. Every night he washed their snouts and obtained from six to eight ounces of gold dust. That's the way to make one hog enrich another.

TABULAR BRIDGES. The success that has attended the construction of tabular bridges over rivers will probably lead to their use pretty generally in other parts of the world. They are made of iron, and large enough for railroad trains and other vehicles to pass through. They are strong, and very durable, and when once constructed and placed on their piers, they must, on account of their strength and durability, be the cheapest bridges that can be constructed.

### Glimpses from the Road-side.

**Situation, &c.—Farming among the Hills—Village and Mills—Peg Factory—Great Improvements in the Business—American Shoe Pegs in England—Connecticut Shoemakers in Manchester.**

This town is in Kennebec County, about 25 miles north-west from Bangor. It lies between Mt. Vernon and Farmington. It was incorporated in 1802, and in 1810 its population was nearly 8000. The town is hilly and broken, yet the soil is fertile and productive. There are some good farms and intelligent and thriving farmers in Vienna. Even those great hills, which every one who has passed through the town must have noticed, are by no means worthless for agricultural purposes. Crops here are more secure from the grain worm, frost, and potato rot, than they are in the valleys, and the yield per acre is probably greater. Mr. Moses Gilman, who lives at one and a half mile up hill from the village, raised last season five bushels of fine wheat from not at all and a half bushel sowing. He is not at all troubled by the grain worm, nor weevil. His potatoes were good, entirely free from rust, and but very little rotten.

There is a small but pleasant village in Vienna, two and a half miles above Mt. Vernon Village. At this place there are a saw-mill, a shingle-mill, and a very good grist-mill. There are two stores, and a shoe shop in the village. In the latter four hands are constantly employed. There is a saw-mill on the McGurdy stream.

At Vienna Village there is a peg factory, in which about 1000 bushels of pegs are made annually. The most approved machinery is in use in this establishment. It seems to leave but little for human hands to do. The logs are sawed into blocks of suitable length for the pegs, and the ends are planed smooth. Grooves are then cut on the ends of these blocks, crossing each other at right angles, and these form the points of the pegs. They are then separated by splitting the block, a knife being introduced between each row of points, corresponding with the groove. All these operations are performed by the machinery with the utmost precision and celerity. The pegs are then bleached, dried and prepared for the market. We do not know what further improvements can be made in the manufacture of shoe pegs. We recollect the time when the "sons of Crispin" made their own pegs—splitting them from the block and pointing them with the shoe knife. The machinery in the above establishment will venture to say, is capable of turning off more pegs in one day than all the shoemakers in the State could make in the old way in the same time, while the machine pegs are altogether superior. The machinery here used was invented and patented by a New Hampshire Yankee.

Mr. Thomas C. Norris, the proprietor of this factory, informed us that since September last, he had sent 127 barrels of shoe pegs and pine for cabinet work to Manchester, England. He has further orders from the same place, which he is unable to supply at present in consequence of the water being so low in the stream that he could not keep his works in operation through the winter.

It is but a few years since a man from Connecticut went to England and commenced the manufacture of boots and shoes there on the American plan. He took his workmen out with him. Before that time pegged boots and shoes were almost wholly unknown in England. This enterprise has been crowned with abundant success, the Connecticut shoemakers being likely to effect quite a revolution in this matter among Victoria's subjects; and it has also opened the way for the introduction of other articles of American contrivance or manufacture among them. The pegs from Vienna are sent to the head-quarters of this establishment at Manchester, and from thence some of them are distributed to other places throughout the "United Kingdom." We think we might safely challenge the world to produce better shoe pegs than are furnished in Kennebec County, Maine.

### Lyceum.

The lecture, on Thursday evening, by the Hon. HORACE GREELEY, was chiefly a treatise upon self culture, and upon female education. The lecture commenced with a brief allusion to (but not an exposition of) the author's views as a social reformer. He deems, as is well known, the present system and laws relating to property, (particularly to the soil,) as erroneous, and needing thorough reformation. He is for dividing the "broad acres" among the people—upon this, however, he but hinted at his sentiments, though perhaps they are generally well known. His remarks upon female education contained very many valuable and home truths. This portion of his discourse was treated with a seriousness and earnestness the importance of the subject demands. He deprecated the modern manner of educating young females in the accomplishments of the finer arts, to the almost entire neglect of the solid and useful.

The subject of self culture occupied the greater portion of the lecture, and was ably and learnedly treated. Self culture—the cultivation, development, strengthening, elevating of the whole man—of the mind and matter. This can be done without books, though good books may aid—but a dependence upon books, a reliance upon the thoughts of others, is an incubus, a crushing weight upon the mind—a net that snarls and fetters its wings. The young must learn to think—freely, fully, for themselves. There are no circumstances in life where this may not be learned. Resolution, energy, application alone are needed.

The lecture was an able one, written in the peculiar and rare style of Horace Greeley. To those whose expectations were raised too high, there may have been a slight disappointment; but there was very much in the lecture from which profit and instruction could be derived. We are glad to have had the privilege of hearing one we have so well known by reputation.

### Look to your Feet.

Dry feet are essential to the preservation of health. In fact, unless we look well to our feet, and see to it that they are kept comparatively dry, we shall certainly be more or less afflicted with the "ills that flesh is heir to." To keep them thus, it is necessary that those of us who are obliged at this season of the year to plod through "slosh" and mud and water, should be supplied with good, substantial, tight boots. These are to be had at several stores in town. Our friend, C. B. Morton (who, the other day, seeing the very exposed condition of the publisher's undergarments, and ever mindful of the "wants of the needy," shed him handsomely and substantially) has a large lot of capital boots, well suited to the season, which he is willing and ready to sell on very reasonable terms, for the sake of preserving the health of pedestrians. Take a pair, man! Better purchase boots than pay doctor's bills—besides, it's cheaper.

WINTER TRIP. Winter has gone, and the present appearance indicates that spring will advance full as fast as the generality of farmers will be ready to receive her. The traveling is exceedingly muddy and hard. We are looking for the ice in our river to make its exit, and the sort of the steamers, and "Yo, heave O," of the sailors to enliven the wharves and the landings, once more.

**Gold in North Carolina.** The Atlas publishes a letter from Chapel Hill, N. C. dated the 12th, which reports that a vein of gold had been discovered within a few days, near that place. The ore had been analyzed by Prof. Mitchell of the University, and pronounced gold. Great excitement prevailed in the neighborhood—the college was entirely deserted, everybody being intent on digging the precious metal.

**Cholera in Texas.** Accounts from Galveston to the 9th, received at New Orleans, represent the Cholera as having assumed a virulent form at Brownsville—the number of deaths being eight or ten per day, out of a population of about seven hundred. Dr. Stephen Smith and Mr. P. Vincent, of Galveston, are reported as among the victims. Col. Louis P. Cooke and wife are also dead.

**The Natural History of New York,** now in course of publication, has cost \$412,000, in addition to \$34,000 contracted for but not paid. The work will cost about \$76,000 to complete.

### Late from Canada—Riot at Toronto.

The following is a telegraphic dispatch from Buffalo, N. Y., to the Boston papers, under date of the 23d instant:

The representation bill was lost in the House of Assembly, on Wednesday, by one vote. Mr. Papeau against it.

The course to be pursued by the Governor on the Rebellion bill has not been determined. The Pilot newspaper, for libelling Col. Gage.

The ministerial measure for the payment of the rebels' claims of 1837 and '38, has resulted in a serious riot at Toronto.

Last evening, March 23d, Messrs. Baldwin, Blake and Mackenzie, were burned in effigy. They were carried through several streets, elevated upon long poles, passing from the residence of Mr. Baldwin to the residence of Mr. Blake, and then returning to Mr. Baldwin's. The effigies of the two were then burned.

The mob, to the number of some thousands, then proceeded to the house of Mrs. Melancthon, where Mr. Mackenzie was stopping, where his wife was burned, and the house assailed with stones and all manner of missiles, completely riddling the windows.

The gas lights in the vicinity were put out, and the police resorted.

The house of Mr. Montgomery, which is situated nearly opposite, was attacked, and the windows much damaged.

Mr. H. Price, son of the Hon. J. H. Price, was severely beaten, and on being conveyed to the residence of Dr. Rolph that gentleman's house was assailed by the mob, and slightly damaged.

The residence of Mr. Brown, of the Globe, was also injured.

THE SPECIAL TOWN MEETING, called on another column, is, we understand, convened for the purpose of seeing if the town will not raise more money for schools. The object is a good one. Every one interested (and who is not?) should be present.

### Gathered Fragments.

**A Modern Cain.** Isaac M. Betts has been convicted at Sandusky, Ohio, of murdering his own brother, Charles C. Betts.

**A new post office** has recently been established at Leont's Mills in Union, called the East Union post office, and Joshua S. Green, Esq., appointed Postmaster.

**Fashionable Education.** Somebody who appears to know how fashionable schools are managed, says: "To educate young ladies, is to let them know all about the ogres, the onnies, the efes, and the ticks and the mistics, but nothing about the ings, such as sewing, knitting, washing, baking, and making puddings."

**A recorder** recently took place near St. Louis, Mo., between David Goddell, sen., and David Goddell, jun., in which both were shot. It is doubtful if either was a good fellow.

**Gen. Taylor,** after the adjournment of the Cabinet meeting on Saturday, the 17th, went with Mr. Maynor Senator, to pay his respects to Mrs. Madison, Mrs. Hamilton, and Mrs. Adams. It is said that the interview between the veteran chief and these distinguished ladies, was exceedingly agreeable and interesting.

**Vermont.** The vote upon the license question in all the counties—three towns in Caledonia county not having been returned—stands, for no license, 20,022; for license, 8800; majority against license, 11,212. "No License" has a majority in the State.

**Fatal result.** Gilman Hazleton, a brakeman on the Lowell Railroad, who was knocked off the cars last week, in consequence of his head coming in contact with a bridge, died of his injuries on Sunday. He was 30 years of age, and a native of Springfield, N. H.

**Homestead Exemption in Ohio.** A law has been passed by the Ohio Legislature exempting a homestead from execution not exceeding six hundred dollars in value; to take effect from and after July next.

**"Free Masons,"** said an inquisitive genius, "are always good-natured, and I should really like to know the reason." "Why," replied a "Royal Arch," "when we are initiated, they heat the gridiron so hot, that it takes all the temper out of us."

**Riot and loss of life in St. John, N. B.** The Calais Advertiser says that at the recent Municipal Election in St. John, New Brunswick, a riot took place, in which a butcher, named Busby, was shot dead by a rifle ball, and that the military were called out before order could be restored. The Advertiser adds that now all the elections there are the scenes of riot and bloodshed.

**Cross Suits.** The Skowhegan Press states that suits have been commenced for libel by both Dr. Mann and Moses Littlefield, Esq., against each other for defamation of character—laying their damages at \$10,000.

**Fire at New Market.** The Iron Foundry at South New Market, N. H., was burnt between 11 and 12 o'clock, on Tuesday night—supposed to be the work of an incendiary. Loss \$8000; insured \$3000—\$1500 each at the Atlantic office, Exeter, and New England office, Concord.

**Canadian Indians.** By returns made to the British Parliament, it appears that the whole number of Indians in Canada is 13,241.

**No Wine.** Frederic A. Page, of Providence, has been sentenced to a fine of twenty dollars for selling a quantity of wine for communion service, the Court having decided that such a use is neither "medicinal" nor "artificial."

**Major General** Wood has been appointed to the command of the army on the western frontier. He will start from San Antonio, in Texas, for the Paso del Norte and the Gila, on the 15th of April or very shortly after. His engineers are now exploring the country.

**The American Volunteers** who entered into the service of Yucatan, it is said, have received neither pay nor rations; some of them have been flogged, however, through the influence of the United States naval commanding officer on that station, for maltreating some officers belonging to his ship.

**Mrs. Ann Gerry** died at New Haven, on the 17th inst., aged 86. She was the sister of Elbridge Gerry, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

**A marriage** between President Louis Napoleon and Countess Bathurst, daughter of the wealthy banker, is again spoken of. Her income is three millions a year. It is said George Bonaparte has gone to London to commence negotiations.

**The question of emancipation** is agitated in Missouri, and the St. Louis Organ predicts the speedy adoption of measures to bring about this result.

**Father Mathew** intends fulfilling this summer his long-cherished purpose of visiting the United States.

**Meeting House burnt.** On Thursday morning last, about 9 o'clock, the Methodist Meeting House, at South Berwick, was burnt to the ground—supposed to be the work of an incendiary. This is the third meeting house which has been burnt in that vicinity within about one year.

**Poison.** The N. H. Patriot states that Henry Larkin of Concord, was recently poisoned by a tincture of aconite, which he supposed to be brandy. It had just been brought into the house by his daughter, Mrs. Gerald. He lived but a few minutes after drinking it.

**Mr. Jones, of New Orleans,** a son-in-law of Col. Benton, has been appointed Secretary of the Commission under the Mexican Treaty.

**The Bangor Courier** states that two deer have been taken in that city on the ice, within a few days past, about a mile and a half from the Courier office.

**Sad Accident.** Mr. Lemmus Shepard, of Amherst, N. H., was killed, on Wednesday last, by the falling of a tree he was cutting. He survived but a few hours.

**A warning to boys.** The Providence Transcript says, that two boys of Pawtucket, named Knight, got into a fight last week, in the course of which Knight was thrown, and striking his head on a stone, was killed. He was an only child.

**Dr. Maguire** and lady, of Winthrop, left New York, March 1st, for San Francisco in the steamship Northern for Chagres.

**Salmon at \$2 per pound** was served up at Boston on Wednesday. It was carried from Bangor. Charles T. Hoffman, well known in literary circles, has become insane.

**A Suspension Bridge** is to be thrown across the Ohio river, between Cincinnati and Covington, under the direction of Mr. Charles Ellet, at a cost of \$300,000. The gigantic arch is to be 120 feet above the centre of the river, at low water; the towers for the suspension of the wire cables 230 high; twenty cables, four inches in diameter, capable of sustaining a weight of 7000 tons.

**Gold in North Carolina.** The Atlas publishes a letter from Chapel Hill, N. C. dated the 12th, which reports that a vein of gold had been discovered within a few days, near that place. The ore had been analyzed by Prof. Mitchell of the University, and pronounced gold. Great excitement prevailed in the neighborhood—the college was entirely deserted, everybody being intent on digging the precious metal.

**Cholera in Texas.** Accounts from Galveston to the 9th, received at New Orleans, represent the Cholera as having assumed a virulent form at Brownsville—the number of deaths being eight or ten per day, out of a population of about seven hundred. Dr. Stephen Smith and Mr. P. Vincent, of Galveston, are reported as among the victims. Col. Louis P. Cooke and wife are also dead.

**The Natural History of New York,** now in course of publication, has cost \$412,000, in addition to \$34,000 contracted for but not paid. The work will cost about \$76,000 to complete.

### Late from Canada—Riot at Toronto.

The following is a telegraphic dispatch from Buffalo, N. Y., to the Boston papers, under date of the 23d instant:

The representation bill was lost in the House of Assembly, on Wednesday, by one vote. Mr. Papeau against it.

The course to be pursued by the Governor on the Rebellion bill has not been determined. The Pilot newspaper, for libelling Col. Gage.

The ministerial measure for the payment of the rebels' claims of 1837 and '38, has resulted in a serious riot at Toronto.

Last evening, March 23d, Messrs. Baldwin, Blake and Mackenzie, were burned in effigy. They were carried through several streets, elevated upon long poles, passing from the residence of Mr. Baldwin to the residence of Mr. Blake, and then returning to Mr. Baldwin's. The effigies of the two were then burned.

The mob, to the number of some thousands, then proceeded to the house of Mrs. Melancthon, where Mr. Mackenzie was stopping, where his wife was burned, and the house assailed with stones and all manner of missiles, completely riddling the windows.

The gas lights in the vicinity were put out, and the police resorted.

The house of Mr. Montgomery, which is situated nearly opposite, was attacked, and the windows much damaged.

Mr. H. Price, son of the Hon. J. H. Price, was severely beaten, and on being conveyed to the residence of Dr. Rolph that gentleman's house was assailed by the mob, and slightly damaged.

The residence of Mr. Brown, of the Globe, was also injured.

THE SPECIAL TOWN MEETING, called on another column, is, we understand, convened for the purpose of seeing if the town will not raise more money for schools. The object is a good one. Every one interested (and who is not?) should be present.

### Insurrection at Pernambuco.

The New Bedford Mercury contains the following letter received from that city, giving further particulars of this insurrection—

SABANA, Pernambuco, Feb. 8, 1849.

"The dark cloud of political discord and rebellion that has for more than two months threatened us, and hung like a dead weight upon the commerce and business of the place, has at length burst in all its fury upon us, and, notwithstanding the efforts of the military and police authorities, has succeeded in forcing its way into the city, and has now become a permanent and dangerous element of our existence."

The rebels, in force about 2000 men, had succeeded, favored by the almost impenetrable forests, in getting between the city and government forces pursuing them, and by forced marches arrived near this place on the night of the 1st inst., and, learning that the government troops were daily expected, they determined to commence their insurrection the next morning at daylight, and the flight of rockets were the signals for a furious attack on three several points at the same time.

The city was defended by about 800 regulars, 400 militia and sailors, a small volunteer force of horse and foot, and such of the national guard as happened to be on government side. Previous to the attack about 400 men had been introduced into the city from the rebels, and concealed in the forests of the district, and not a few, it appeared, from the windows of which they kept up a galling fire on the troops.

The fight continued with unabated fury through the day, success sometimes leaning to one side and sometimes to the other, when fortunately for us, the commander of the troops, Joze Joaquim Caello, came up at about 2 P. M., with 800 men, after a march of 35 miles that day, having come in advance of the rebels. These men had been pursuing the rebels for more than a month unsuccessfully, and were mad to get at them. They rushed into the fight most furiously, and, after many gallant deeds, and after twelve hours of hard fighting, were saved.

The rebels' loss in killed was between 200 and 300, and 500 prisoners. Many of the leaders were taken, and the principal one, Nunes Machado, was killed on the day. He was a man of talents, was Deputy of the Chamber of Commerce, and his ambition has proved his ruin. He wished to place his party paramount and to be at their head, and to accomplish this end was willing to turn against the city a horde of unprincipled men and assassins, who could only be accomplished by promises of a sack. The loss on the part of government must have been large, but it is not declared. Business is out of the question, but I trust a few days will calm down people's minds."

The proclamation of the Governor announces that the complete triumph which the Government achieved will restore peace to the province; and the rebels, panic struck, were flying in every direction, pursued by the regular troops, with arms hot from the combat.

**ATTENT TO EXPORT MONEY.** Mr. W. B. Astor, of New York, has recently received several letters signed E. K. Basswood, threatening him if he did not pay \$50,000 to a person who should call for it at his home on a certain day. Mr. Astor finally became alarmed and engaged the Chief of Police relative to the matter. The officer advised him to pay over a package of spurious money to the person who called for it, at the same time deputed two officers to watch the proceedings in the matter, and to arrest the person named Franklin C. Bragg, called for the money which was delivered to him. The officers followed him to a hotel where it was left to be delivered to A. R. D. Green, who would call for it in the evening, and when the money was taken into custody, and an officer stationed at the hotel to watch for the individual who should call for the package. After waiting a short time, a man named Briggs called at the bar for the package in question, and was delivered to him. After following him three several streets he was arrested and taken to the Police Office. A letter was found upon him from Basswood containing threats to kill him, and a package of spurious money, and a letter from the Chief of Police relative to the matter. The officer advised him to pay over a package of spurious money to the person who called for it, at the same time deputed two officers to watch the proceedings in the matter, and to arrest the person named Franklin C. Bragg, called for the money which was delivered to him. The officers followed him to a hotel where it was left to be delivered to A. R. D. Green, who would call for it in the evening, and when the money was taken into custody, and an officer stationed at the hotel to watch for the individual who should call for the package. After waiting a short time, a man named Briggs called at the bar for the package in question, and was delivered to him. After following him three several streets he was arrested and taken to the Police Office. A letter was found upon him from Basswood containing threats to kill him, and a package of spurious money, and a letter from the Chief of Police relative to the matter.

**CASE OF THE FRANKLIN.** The Boston Bee of Saturday says, that, in the District Court of the United States—

"The Grand Jury came in at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, and presented three indictments against John W. Croft, of South Boston. The first indictment charged a conspiracy between Croft and persons unknown to the jury, for the purpose of casting away and destroying the ship Franklin, thereby to defraud the underwriters. The second indictment charged Croft with conspiring with James W. Wilson, of Charleston, for the same object. The third indictment alleged a conspiracy between Croft and Captain Smith, the master of the Franklin. To each of these indictments the accused pleaded 'not guilty.' Monday, the 16th May, was assigned for the trial of Mr. Croft. It is probable that all the indictments will be tried at the same time. His recognizance was fixed at \$10,000, with two sureties in a like sum."

**THE POISONING CASE.** We







## The Muse.

From Graham's Magazine.  
SUMMER'S BACHANAL.  
BY J. HAYWARD TAYLOR.

Fill the cup from some secret fountain,  
Cup granitic ledge, deep and low,  
Where the crystal vintage of the mountains  
In foam from dazzling fountains flows.  
Beneath stream, that in woodland hollow  
Cools, to sleep its weariness away,  
Hill from slapping stars, that faint would follow,  
In the coral gorges of hemlock spray.  
Fill, dear friend, a goblet cool and sparkling  
As the sunlight of October morn—  
Not for the crimson wine, that drenching  
Stains the lips of often drinking horn.  
We will quaff, beneath the sunny glow,  
Draught of water, sweet as fairy dew;  
Cooled on ferny banks, where light air blowing,  
Shake the leaves between us and the blue.  
We will pledge, in breathless, long litigation,  
All we have been, and have sworn to be—  
Fame, and Joy, and Love's dear adoration—  
Summer's lusty bacchanal are we!  
Fill again, and let us goblets clashing,  
Stir the fiery ripples on the wine,  
Let the light, with its own flame flashing,  
Leap like white to every little line!  
Round the white roots of the fragrant lily  
And the mossy hazel, purple-stained,  
Once the moory bays, and daisy chivalry,  
Give return for all the sweetest dainties.  
How that rare, delicious, woodland flavor  
Mocked my palate in the fever hours,  
When I pined for sprig of coolness,  
As the burning Earth for thunder-shower!

In the wave, that through my maddest dreaming  
Flashed to about me, all the cups again!  
Drink, dear friend, to life which is not seeming—  
Fresh as this morn's heart and brain!  
Fill, fill again, and while our goblets ring,  
Shine with vintage of the mountain-snow,  
Youth's light fountain, clear and blithely spring,  
Bring our souls to endless overflow!

## The Story-Teller.

From The Flag of Our Union.

HOP-FROG:  
OR, THE EIGHT CHAINED OURANG-OUTANGS.

BY EDGAR A. JOE.

I never knew any one so keenly alive to a joke as the king was. He seemed to live only for joking. To tell a good story of the joke kind, and to tell it well, was the surest road to his favor. Thus it happened that his seven ministers were all noted for their accomplishments as jokesters. They all took after the king, too, in being large, corpulent, oily men, as well as inimitable jokesters. Whether people grow fat by joking, or whether there is something in fat itself which predisposes to a joke, I have never been quite able to determine; but certain it is that a lean joker is a *rara avis* in terra.

About the refinements, or, as he called them, the "ghosts" of wit, the king troubled himself very little. He had an especial admiration for broadness in a jest, and would not put up with length, for the sake of it. Over-niceties worried him. He would have preferred "Hobnob" to "Gargantuan," to the "Zadig" of Voltaire, and, upon the whole, practical jokes suited his taste far better than verbal ones.

At the date of my narrative, professed jesters had not altogether gone out of fashion at court. Several of the great continental "powers" still retained their "fools," who were motley, with caps and bells, and who were expected to be always ready with sharp witticisms, at a moment's notice, in consideration of the crumbs that fell from the royal table.

Our king, as a matter of course, retained his "fool." The fact is, he required something in the way of folly—if only to counterbalance the heavy wisdom of the seven wise men who were his ministers—not to mention himself.

His fool, or professional jester, was not only a fool, however. His value was trebled in the eyes of the king, by the fact of his being also a dwarf and a cripple. Dwarfs were as common at court in those days, as fools; and many monarchs would have found it difficult to get through their days (days are rather longer at court than elsewhere) without both a jester to laugh with, and a dwarf to laugh at. But as I have already observed, our king, in Hop-Frog, (this was the fool's name,) he possessed a triple treasure in one person.

I believe the name "Hop-Frog" was not that given to the dwarf by his sponsors at baptism, but it was conferred upon him, by general consent of the seven ministers, on account of his inability to walk as other men do. In fact, Hop-Frog could only get along by a sort of interlocking gait—something between a leap and a wriggle—a movement that afforded illimitable amusement, and of course consolation, to the king; for (notwithstanding the protuberance of his stomach and a constitutional swelling of the head) the king, by his whole court, was accounted a capital figure.

But although Hop-Frog, through the distortion of his legs, could move only with great pain and difficulty along a road or floor, the prodigious muscular power which nature seemed to have bestowed upon him, by way of compensation for his physical infirmities, enabled him to perform many feats of wonderful dexterity, where trees or rocks were in question, or anything else to climb. At such exercises he certainly more resembled a squirrel, or a small monkey, than a frog.

I am not able to say, with precision, from what court Hop-Frog originally came. It was from some barbarous region, however, that no person ever heard of—a vast distance from the court of our king. Hop-Frog, and a young girl very little less dwarfish than himself, (although of exquisite proportions, and a marvellous dancer,) had been forcibly carried off from their respective homes in adjoining provinces and sent as presents to the king by one of his ever-victorious generals.

Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that a close intimacy arose between the two little captives. Indeed, they soon became warm friends. Hop-Frog, who, although he made a great deal of sport, was by no means popular, had it in his power to render Trippetta many services; but, on account of her grace and exquisite beauty, (although a dwarf,) was universally admired and petted, so she possessed much influence; and never failed to use it, whenever she could, for the benefit of Hop-Frog.

On some grand state occasion—I forget what—the king determined to have a masquerade; and whenever a masquerade, or anything of that kind, occurred at our court, then the talents both of Hop-Frog and Trippetta were sure to be called in play. Hop-Frog, in especial, was so inventive in the way of getting up pageants, suggesting novel characters, and arranging costumes, for masked balls, that nothing could be done, it seems, without his assistance.

The night appointed for the fête had arrived. A gorgeous hall had been fitted up, under Trippetta's eye, with every kind of device which could possibly give color to a masquerade. The whole

court was in a fever of expectation. As for costumes and characters, it might well be supposed that everybody had come to a decision on such points. Many had made up their minds (as to what roles they should assume) a week, or even a month, in advance; and in fact, there was not a particle of indecision anywhere—except in the case of the king and his seven ministers. Why they hesitated I never could tell, unless they did it by way of a joke. More probably, they found it difficult, on account of being so fat, to make up their minds. At all events, time flew, and, as a last resource, they sent for Trippetta and Hop-Frog.

When the two little friends obeyed the summons of the king, they found him sitting at his wine with the seven members of his cabinet council; but the monarch appeared to be in a very ill humor. He knew that Hop-Frog was not fond of wine; for he excited the poor cripple almost to madness; and madness is no comfortable feeling. But the king loved his practical jokes, and took pleasure in forcing Hop-Frog to drink and (as the king called it) "to be merry."

"Come here, Hop-Frog," said he, as the jester and his friend entered the room; "swallow this bumper to the health of your absent friends [here Hop-Frog sighed], and then let us have the benefit of your invention. We want characters—characters, man—something novel—out of the way. We are wearied with this everlasting sameness. Come, drink the wine will brighten your wits."

Hop-Frog endeavored, as usual, to get up a jest in reply to these advances from the king; but the effort was too much. It happened to be the poor dwarf's birthday, and the command to drink to his "absent friends" forced the tears to his eyes. May I dare, bitter drops fell into the goblet as he took it, humbly, from the hand of the tyrant.

"Ah! ha! ha!" roared the latter, as the dwarf reluctantly drank the beaker. "See what a glass of good wine can do! Why, your eyes are shining already!"

Poor fellow! his eyes gleamed, rather than shone; for the effect of wine on his excitable brain was no more powerful than instantaneous. He looked the goblet nervously on the table, and looked round upon the company with a half-frenzied stare. They all seemed highly amused at the success of the king's "joke."

"And now to business," said the prime minister, a very fat man.

"Yes," said the king; "come, Hop-Frog, lend us your assistance. Characters, my fine fellow; we stand in need of characters—all of us—ha! ha! ha!" and as this was seriously meant for a joke, his laugh was chorused by the seven.

Hop-Frog also laughed, although feebly and somewhat vacantly.

"Come, come," said the king, impatiently, "have you nothing to suggest?"

"I am endeavoring to think of something novel," replied the dwarf, abstractedly, for he was quite bewildered by the wine.

"Endeavoring!" cried the tyrant, fiercely, "what do you mean by that? Ah, I perceive. You are sulky, and want more wine. Here, drink!" and he poured out another goblet full and offered it to the cripple, who merely gazed at it, gazing for breath, and would not put up with length, for the sake of it.

"Drink, I say!" shouted the monster, "or by the furies!"

The dwarf hesitated. The king grew purple with rage. The courtiers smirked. Trippetta, pale as a corpse, advanced to the monarch's seat, and, falling on her knees before him, implored him to spare her friend.

The tyrant regarded her, for some moments, in evident wonder at her audacity. He seemed quite at a loss what to do or say—how most becomingly to express his indignation. At last, without uttering a syllable, he pushed her violently from him, and threw the contents of the brimming goblet in her face.

The poor girl got up as best she could, and, not daring even to sigh, resumed her position at the foot of the table.

There was a dead silence for about half a minute, during which the falling of a leaf, or of a feather, might have been heard. It was interrupted by a low, but harsh and protesting growl, which seemed to come at once from every corner of the room.

"What—what—are you making that noise for?" demanded the king, turning furiously to the dwarf.

The latter seemed to have recovered, in great measure, from his intoxication, and looking fixedly but quietly into the tyrant's face, merely ejaculated:

"I—I—How could it have been me?"

"The sound appeared to come from without," observed one of the courtiers. "I fancy it was the parrot at the window, whetting his bill upon the cage-wires."

"True," replied the monarch, as if much relieved by the suggestion; "but on the honor of a knight, I could have sworn that it was the king of this ragabald's teeth!"

Hereupon the dwarf laughed (the king was too confirmed a joker to object to any one's laughing), and displayed a set of large, powerful, and very repulsive teeth. Moreover, he showed his perfect willingness to swallow as much wine as he desired. The monarch was pacified; and having drained another bumper, with no very perceptible ill effect, Hop-Frog entered at once, and with spirit, into the plans for the masquerade.

"I cannot tell what was the association of ideas," observed he, very tranquilly, and as if he had never tasted wine in his life, "but just after your majesty had struck the girl and thrown the wine in her face—just after your majesty had done this, and while the parrot was making that odd noise outside the window, there came into my mind a capital diversion—one of my own country folks—often enacted among us, at our masquerades; but here it will be new altogether. Unfortunately, however, it requires a company of eight persons, and—"

"Here we are!" cried the king, laughing at his acute discovery of the coincidence; "eight to a fraction—I and my seven ministers. Come! what is the diversion?"

"We call it," replied the cripple, "the Eight Chained Ourang-Outangs, and it really is excellent sport if well enacted."

"We will enact it," remarked the king, drawing himself up, and lowering his eyelids.

"The beauty of the game," continued Hop-Frog, "lies in the fright it occasions among the women."

"Capital!" roared in chorus the monarch and his ministry.

"I will equip you as ourang-outangs," proceeded the dwarf; "leave all that to me. The resemblance shall be so striking, that the company of masqueraders will take you for real beasts—and, of course, they will be as much terrified as astonished."

"O, this is exquisite!" exclaimed the king. "Hop-Frog! I will make a man of you."

"The chains are for the purpose of increasing the confusion by their jangling. You are supposed to have escaped, *en masse*, from your keepers. Your majesty cannot conceive the effect produced, at a masquerade, by eight chained ourang-outangs, imagined to be real ones by most of the company; and rushing in, with savage cries, among the crowd of delicately and gorgeously habited men and women. The contrast is inimitable."

"It must be," said the king; and the council

arose hurriedly (as it was growing late), to put in execution the scheme of Hop-Frog.

His mode of equipping the party as ourang-outangs was very simple, but effective enough for his purposes. The animals in question had, at the epoch of my story, very rarely been seen in any part of the civilized world; and as the indications made by the dwarf were sufficiently like those of a real one, and as he was sufficiently truthful to nature was thus thought to be truthful.

The king and his ministers were first encased in tight-fitting stockinet shirts and drawers. They were then saturated with tar. At this stage of the process, some one of the party suggested feathers; but the suggestion was at once overruled by the dwarf, who soon convinced the eight, by ocular demonstration, that the hair of the ourang-outang was much more efficiently represented by flax. A thick coating of this latter was accordingly plastered upon the coating of tar. A long chain was now procured. First, it was

passed about the waist of the king, and tied, then about another of the party, and also tied; then about the third, and so on, until the eight, as possible, they formed a circle; and, to make all things appear natural, Hop-Frog passed the residue of the chain, in two diameters, at right angles, across the circle, after the fashion adopted, at the present day, by those who capture Chimpanzees, or other large apes, in Borneo.

The grand saloon in which the masquerade was to take place, was a circular room, very lofty, and receiving the light of the sun only through a single window at top. At night (the season for which the apartment was especially designed) it was illuminated principally by a large chandelier, depending by a chain from the center of the sky-light, and lowered, or elevated, by means of a counterbalance as usual; but (in order not to look unsightly) this latter passed outside the cupola and over the roof.

The arrangements of the room had been left to Trippetta's superintendence; but, in some particulars, it seems, she had been guided by the calm judgment of her friend the dwarf. At his suggestion it was that, on this occasion, the chandelier was removed. Its waxen drippings (which, in weather so warm, it was quite impossible to prevent) would have been seriously detrimental to the rich dresses of the guests, who, on account of the crowded state of the saloon, could not be expected to keep from its centre; that is to say, from under the chandelier. Additional scenes were set in various parts of the hall, out of the way; and a flambeau, emitting sweet odor, was placed in the right hand of each of the Caryatides that stood against the wall; some fifty or sixty altogether.

The eight ourang-outangs, taking Hop-Frog's advice, waited patiently until midnight (when the room was thoroughly filled with masqueraders) before making their appearance. No sooner had the clock ceased striking, however, than they rushed, or rather rolled in, all together; for the impediment of their chains caused most of the party to fall, and all to stumble as they entered. The excitement among the masqueraders was prodigious, and filled the heart of the king with glee. As had been anticipated, there were not a few of the guests who supposed the ferocious-looking creatures to be beasts of some kind in reality, if not precisely ourang-outangs. Many of the women swooned with affright; and had not the king taken the precaution to exclude all weapons from the saloon, his party might soon have expiated their frolic in their blood. As it was, a general rush was made for the doors; but the king had ordered them to be locked immediately upon their entrance; and, at the dwarf's suggestion, the keys had been deposited with him.

While the tumult was at its height, and each masquerader attentive only to his own safety—for, in fact, there was much real danger from the pressure of the excited crowd, the chain by which the chandelier ordinarily hung, and which had been drawn up on its removal, might have been seen very gradually to descend, until its hooked extremity came within three feet of the floor.

Soon after this, the king and his seven friends, having rolled about the hall in all directions, found themselves, at length, in the center, of course, in immediate contact with the chain. While they were thus situated, the dwarf, who had followed closely at their heels, inciting them to keep up the commotion, took hold of their own chain at the intersection of the two portions which crossed the circle diametrically and at right angles. Here, with the rapidity of thought, he inserted the hook from which the chandelier had been wont to depend; and, in an instant, by some unseen agency, the chandelier-chain was drawn so far upward as to take the hook out of reach, and as an inevitable consequence, to drag the ourang-outangs together in close connection, and face to face.

The masqueraders, by this time, had recovered, in some measure, from their alarm; and, beginning to regard the whole matter as a well-contrived pleasantry, set up a loud shout of laughter at the predicament of the apes.

"Leave them to me!" now screamed Hop-Frog; his shrill voice easily heard through all the din. "Leave them to me. I fancy I know them. If I can only get a good look at them, I can soon tell who they are."

Here, scrambling over the heads of the crowd, he managed to get to the wall; when, seizing a flambeau from one of the Caryatides, he returned, as he went, to the center of the room; leaping, with the agility of a monkey, upon the king's head, and thence clambered a few feet up the chain; holding down the torch to examine the group of ourang-outangs, and still screaming, "I shall soon find out who they are!"

And now, while the whole assembly (the apes included) were convulsed with laughter, the jester suddenly uttered a shrill whistle; when the eight, very violently up for about thirty feet; dragging with it the dimmy and struggling ourang-outangs, and leaving them suspended in mid air, clinging to the chain as it rose, still maintaining its relative position in respect to the eight maskers, and still (as if nothing were the matter) continued to thrust its torch down towards them, as though endeavoring to discover who they were.

So thoroughly astonished were the whole company at this ascent, that a dead silence, of about a minute's duration, ensued. It was broken by just such a low, harsh, grating sound as had before attracted the attention of the king and his councilors, when the former threw the wine in the face of Trippetta. But, on the present occasion, there could be no question as to whence the sound issued. It came from the fang-like teeth of the dwarf, who ground them and gnashed them as he feigned at the mouth, and glared, with an expression of morbid rage, into the upturned countenances of the king and his seven companions.

"Ah, ha!" said at length the infuriated jester. "Ah, ha! I begin to see who these people are, now!" Here, pretending to scrutinize the king more closely, he held the flambeau to the flaxen coat which enveloped him, and which instantly burst into a sheet of vivid flame. In less than half a minute the whole eight ourang-outangs were blazing fiercely, amid the shrieks of the multitude who gazed at them from below, horror-stricken, and without the power to render them the slightest assistance.

At length the flames, suddenly increasing in violence, forced the jester to climb higher up the chain, to be out of their reach; and, as he made this movement, the crowd again sank, for a brief instant, into silence. The dwarf seized his opportunity and once more spoke:

"I now see distinctly," he said, "what manner of people these maskers are. They are a great king and his seven privy councillors—a king who does not scruple to strike a defenceless girl, and his seven councillors who assist him in the outrage. As for myself I am simply Hop-Frog, the jester—and this is my last jest."

Owing to the high combustibility of both the flax and the tar to which it adhered, the dwarf had scarcely made an end of his brief speech before the work of vengeance was complete. The eight corpulent, indistinguishable maskers, the cripple hurled his torch at them, clambered leisurely to the ceiling, and disappeared through the sky light.

It is supposed that Trippetta, stationed on the roof of the saloon, had been the accomplice of her friend in his fiery revenge, and that, together, they effected their escape to their own country; for neither was seen again.

## HYSTERICAL WIVES.

## CAPT. WEATHERFIELD'S REMEDY.

You must know that last October was a year, when I arrived at Babylon with a cargo of tea from Canton, and as soon as it was possible, I left the ship, and under the highest steam-pressure, set out for my little nook of a village, on the Hudson, where my whole stock of human hopes and affections lay invested in a wife and three children. It is singular, perhaps, but so it is, that I never have any dread that anything can happen to my family, till I get on soundings, and then I can neither sleep nor eat till I get into port, and have seen my own wife, and found out if all is well at home. I had the pleasure to learn that my family had been increased by a fine boy, one month after my departure. You may guess my impatience to see him. I sent off a letter announcing my arrival, and the day on which I should be at home. My welcome was as joyous as I could have wished it to be. The boy was a noble fellow, a year old, and as like me as two peas. These are bright days of sunshine, which repay a sailor for some of the storms of his ocean life, and of which his owners, though they get all the profit of the voyage, can't deprive him, though they would do so if they could, for they grudge everything of their ship-masters.

After I had been at home three days, I returned to finish up the voyage with the owners, and haul up the ship. This done, I returned, bag and baggage, to my wife, to make a long stay at home. The opening of a sailor's boxes is always a matter of interest to captains' wives, and I had procured for myself all the presents Canton provides. Two pieces of rich silk for dresses, a set of lacquered tea-tables, a set of carved chessmen, and things of that sort. I saw a look of disappointment upon my wife's face, but she said nothing and things passed off. But when Sunday morning came, my wife was exceedingly cross, and declared she would not go to church, though she was as regular as the section, "for," she said, "I've nothing fit to wear."

I was old but said nothing, and taking my little boy and girl set off for church. Everybody was glad to see me, and I quite forgot that all was not right at home, till I found my way back into my house. There my wife stood, ready to scold the children for muddying their shoes, and would have spanked them on the spot, if I had not interfered with a good deal of firmness in word and look. The children were undressed, and dinner served, and nothing on the table was cooked fit to eat. And so the next week passed on. My coffee was as thick as mud—my turkeys were about to a crust, and I well knew the devil was done to be let loose; but for why, I couldn't guess. In the meanwhile, my wife's sister, who had been a sort of ship's cousin quartered upon me, ever since my marriage, looked all the while as demure as a Connecticut deacon under the parish pulpit, and gave no sign to show me what all this was about.

On the next Saturday afternoon, as I was sitting with my wife and children, I heard a knock at the door, and called out "Come in!" and in came my old friend, Capt. Thomas Bowline, and my wife; in all the splendors of a new rig. He had returned the week before, from Calcutta, and we were the only seafaring men of the place, and though our wives were neighbors, it so happened that we had not been at home, at the same time, for years.

I was delighted to see them both, and my wife, I thought, was wonderfully cool, though exceedingly polite. I soon forgot all about her manner, in the pleasure of talking over our several fortunes since we last met; and as we had not met before, he having been absent from the village since my coming home, we had many things to talk over. They made a long call, and when they went away my wife went up to her room, and I sat down to my pipe, for when tea was ready, she sent word that she had a headache, and had gone to bed.

The next morning matters were a no more pleasant aspect than they had done, and when the first church bell began to ring, my wife burst into a flood of tears, and set off for her chamber. I followed her, and there she lay on the bed, in a regular fit of hysterics. When she came to herself, I asked—"Why, what on earth is all this about?" She rose, and putting her hands on my shoulders, looked me full in the face, and said—"Captain Weatherfield, if you don't know, you ought to know, and I will tell you under her look, like a boy caught in the act of playing truant."

There's very few men, who, after a long voyage, could have stood such an appeal as this. I felt some racial had been telling stories out of school, but for the life of me I couldn't conceive why it should be. And then my wife went off again, into another fit, worse than the first. I took off her shoes, and her feet were as cold as ice. As I rubbed them, I conjured up all the recollections of my voyage, and they were not so pleasant as I could have wished them. But finding it impossible to restore my wife, I ran down stairs, leaving the door all open behind me, to the kitchen, to make some mullied wine; and there was my wife's sister, with her demure face, which helped to irritate me no little. I called for wine, and spices, and a porringer, and while it was heating she began by saying—"She wished to Heaven her sister knew how to treat a husband as he ought to be treated—that if she was a wife, she should know how to prize a man who did everything a man could do to please her."

I was in no humor to hear my wife abused, I burst out upon her in a rage, and told her I believed she was a snake in the grass, and that I had rather have her sister than a thousand such hypocrites as she was.

"Now, then, that if my wife was any mischief done between me and my wife, I know who to thank for it all. She lifted up her hands and said she believed all men were fools, and of all fools I was the greatest. This brought on an spirited altercation, in which I spoke my mind pretty plainly. So soon as I had heated the wine I decanted it into a tumbler. My wife's sister recommended her vinegar, but I told her I knew a better thing than that for my wife.

On my way up stairs, I thought I heard my wife's footsteps about the chamber, but on entering, I found her lying on the bed, crying in a very sensible way, so I found no difficulty in persuading her to drink the mullied wine, and then I rubbed her feet again. She now began to sob, and to say she didn't deserve to have such a husband—I was too good for her—nobody would hurt her. I felt encouraged to leave rubbing her feet, and to take to rubbing her hands, and to kiss her, begging her to tell me what was the matter. And then she told me, for I should have thought, she said she couldn't tell me, for I should have thought, she said she deserved to be hated, and all that sort of thing. The more she declared herself the more penitent I became, and was on the point of making a clean breast, and asking her forgiveness; but luckily, I did not do such thing, for, after sobbing, the secret came out. Captain Bowline had brought home to his wife a Cashmere shawl, and I had only brought her a silk dress.

"Is that all?" I exclaimed, and I kissed her as heartily as ever a woman was kissed before, and now 'twas my turn to complain, to tell her how unkind she had been to keep me in such suspense all the while, and then came her turn to put her arms round my neck, and to kiss me, and beg to be forgiven. All which, I assure you, was a very agreeable winding up of the scene.

By dinner time my wife was dressed, and as we sat down to dinner she looked as happy as a bride, and as for myself, I never was happier in my life. My wife's sister looked on with astonishment, and I was surprised to see, for the first time, that my wife spoke to her with a little trace of sharpness. I had reason to believe, afterwards, that my wife, hearing our loud talking, had come to the head of the stairs, and overheard us. It was one of those few instances in which listeners hear good things of themselves, and resulted in my wife's sister finding the house too hot for her; so she married herself off to a saddler, and removed to Babylon.

But to go on with my story; the next day my wife and I set out for Babylon, she to have her China silks made up, and as for myself, I really had no other business than to accompany her, and to buy a shawl, which should outdo Mrs. Tom Bowline's. Fortunately, I found my old friend Briggs, of Salem, just in from Calcutta with a half dozen magnificent shawls, of which he allowed me to make my pick, at cost price, and a bill made out at any price I pleased to have affixed. So I modestly told him he might receipt for which I paid him three hundred. This I had safely stowed away in my trunk as a fine satin bonnet with a plume that dropped down on her shoulder in the most bewitching style, and she was perfectly delighted with her visit.

We remained in town a week, when her silks came home from the milliner's. Her dresses were just as she liked to have them; a most rare thing. I can tell you, and as to the bonnet, no language could express her admiration of it. And so we reached home on Saturday night, perfectly well pleased with every thing in the house and out of it.

The next day was rather a bright and frosty day, and my wife, dressed in her beautiful bonnet and rich silk dress, certainly looked charming. She had a pretty fair complexion, and with a sweet smile, said, "Now, dear, let's go, for the bell is tolling!" You must know my wife never goes out to church too soon, but just before the minister commences his prayers.

"Why, my dear, where's your shawl?" "Oh! I don't need a shawl to-day." "But, love, please me, and wear one;" she was for an instant a little displeased, but quelling the feeling, she ran up stairs, and there lay my splendid present on her bureau. "She came running down with it on her arm, and throwing her arms around my neck, burst into tears. As I knew these tears did her good, I let her cry them out, and so soon as she could be dried away, she put on her shawl, found it all right, and, though I say it, there was never a finer looking nor a happier woman in the world, than my wife at that moment.

We walked up to the head of the broad aisle, in presence of the whole congregation, to our pew, next to the minister's, and it would have done your heart good to have heard her sweet, clear, ringing voice, making the responses; she seemed especially desirous that all the congregation should know what a miserable sinner she was, and how "she had done the things she ought not to have done;" and when the service was over, she had a kind word for every one, especially as she was anxious for the health of Mrs. Bowline, and all her children, and on the church steps she lingered to speak to all her neighbors, high and low, far and near; so it was pretty well advertised, before we got home, that my wife had a splendid shawl, the prettiest bonnet, and the richest silk dress, ever seen in the parish. As for poor Mrs. Tom Bowline, her dinner was spoiled for one day. Nor was she the only woman made miserable by my wife's finery. Many an old cloak and shawl, which in the morning was thought good enough to last another winter, was now taken off with a feeling of absolute loathing. The wives of all the parish praised me up to their husbands, as "such a kind man," "one who loved to see his wife look like somebody;" and the daughters teased their fathers for new bonnets and shawls, so that I was abundantly abused on all hands, by the men, for spending all my money on my wife's lack; and when the secret leaked out what my wife's shawl cost, for I took care to hide Briggs's bill where my wife was sure to find it, the admiration of the women, and the contempt of the men, rose to the highest pitch. One thing is certain—never had the parish church worn such a fashionable air before as it did that winter. "Now," said the Captain, with a thump on the table, which made the glasses dance, "there's my method of treating women with the hysteric." And I will give you, sir," addressing the priest, "the exact proportions of a wife to be put into a pint of wine, and in your next edition of Conjugal Love, I beg you will put it in as Captain Weatherfield's Remedy. Women will sometimes be cross-grained; it can't be helped! but instead of breaking up all the relations of husband and wife, mother and child, the most terrible of all calamities, let everybody try my prescription—a pint of mullied wine taken warm on going to bed, and a Cashmere shawl in the morning—and I pledge you my life it will work wonders. There never need be another divorce on that score—don't you think so?" said the Captain, turning briskly to Peter.

"It is very curious," said an old gentleman, a few days since, to his friend, "that a watch should be perfectly dry, when it has a running spring inside."

At length the flames, suddenly increasing in violence, forced the jester to climb higher up the chain, to be out of their reach; and, as he made this movement, the crowd again sank, for a brief instant, into silence. The dwarf seized his opportunity and once more spoke:

"I now see distinctly," he said, "what manner of people these maskers are. They are a great king and his seven privy councillors—a king who does not scruple to strike a defenceless girl, and his seven councillors who assist him in the outrage. As for myself I am simply Hop-Frog, the jester—and this is my last jest."

Owing to the high combustibility of both the flax and the tar to which it adhered, the dwarf had scarcely made an end of his brief speech before the work of vengeance was complete. The eight corpulent, indistinguishable maskers, the cripple hurled his torch at them, clambered leisurely to the ceiling, and disappeared through the sky light.

It is supposed that Trippetta, stationed on the roof of the saloon, had been the accomplice of her friend in his fiery revenge, and that, together, they effected their escape to their own country; for neither was seen again.

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## Sabbath Reading.